

The TRIUMPHING English Commanders,

Or the Rebels Overthrow and utter Desolation.

To the Tune of the *Thundering Cannons* roar.

This may be Printed, R L.S.



I.

Hold! the num'rous Carriages!
Fraughted strongly to possess
All the Kingdoms great and less,
Of Mighty JAMES the Glorious;
With 'tis his own by Birth and Right,
Against the Traytors let us fight,
And make it only our delight
To kill the Rogues that face us.

II.

Douglas and his Warlike Train,
Triumphs o'er the Woods and Plain,
But not disturb the peaceful Swain,
Unless James Scot they favour;
Then the dying endless Cries
Of such Rogues, shall rend the Skies,
Expecting still their Destinies,
'Cause they of Rebels Savour.

III.

Infant's the Loyal Host,
Hailing round the Western-Coast,
Waiting on poor Monmouths Ghost,
Whom they resolve to fetter;
With a Shackle and a Chain,
(A just reward of s evil Brain)
And after rid him out of pain,
'Cause he wou'd be no better.

IV.

The Rebels now do Glaston reach,
And where they go, Rebellion Teach,
And still the Good Old Cause they Preach,
And way for Ignoramus;
Whilst the Dukes and Heroes have,
Contrive the Faction to enslave;
Monmouth seeks his Neck to save,
But he shall never sham us.

V.

Great Albermarl, and Sommerset,
Grafton, Beaufort, are all met,
And Perkin they have all beset,
And on the Booby's are waiters;
Pembroke, likewise them doth join,
And Feversham with them combine,
Whose Stories do the Sun outshine,
'T Eclipse that of the Traytors.

VI.

Churchill too, the West Invades,
(With his Glorious merry Lads,
Whose great Honour never fades)
To subdue the Faction:
The Loyal Army troop along,
Through the Towns and Fields they throng,
And hunt by Scent, which lies so strong,
For it smells Association.

VII.

May Mars inspire the resolute Souls,
And Bacchus fill the ebbing Bowls
Of all the Loyal English-Poles,
'T inspire them and their Horses;
The Martial God with's glittering Shield,
Will grant no Quarter in the Field,
To Rebels, till he makes 'em yield,
To his unconquer'd Forces.

VIII.

When the mighty Cannons roared,
The noise of Bells, and ev'ry sound,
From the vastest Wiltshire-down,
Against Perkin and the Rebels;
Then we'll recharge, and give no breath
To Traytors, but pursue their death,
And after Triumph o'er the Death,
In spite of Wiggish Libells.

IX.

Alew the mighty flowing Main!
Swell'd above the lofty Plain!
With the Vitals of the slain,
(Rewards for all the Evils)
Of the Traytors; let's destroy
Every member for the ROY;
Then return again with joy,
That we've subdued the Devils.

Loyal Subjects now rejoice,
Drums, and Trumpets make a noise,
Drink a cup and sing Brave Boys
Good health to James the Royal.
Loyalty's a noble thing,
Service done unto a King
Honour and Reward doth bring;
Then let us still be Loyal.

FINIS.